learned from his mother that rumors had reached her of how Louis Bond had placed himself in the hands, as it were, of three or four spiritualistic mediums and had become a confirmed devotee of their theories. Then, soon afterward, another letter from Mrs. Ravelow told him of how Brenda had been to see her at that lady's home in New York and had wept plenteous and most pathetic tears over the infatuation of Louis. "It seems," wrote Gerald's mother, "that there is a certain clairvoyante named Mrs. Leveridge, who has acquired great control over your friend. Brenda has seen her once at a meeting where she spoke in a real or fictitious trance, and describes her as strik-ingly beautiful, with a slight foreign accent

ingly beautiful, with a slight toreign accent and a voice full of the most dulcet cadences."

A little while after his graduation, in the following June, Gerald met this Mrs. Leveridge. He had no sooner seen and talked with her than he realized that she was odious. Not that she was without beauty of a certain sensuous type, but her green-gray eyes held lights that repelled him and in the coils of her glossy auburn hair he seemed to see suggestions of a serpentine temperament. She had given it out in a vague way that she was by birth an Hungarian though about she was by birth an Hungarian, though about her past clung the haze of decided uncertainty. Almost from the first moment that she and Gerald met an antagonism developed itself between them. Mrs. Leveridge appeared to realize that her sway over Louis results and that Brenda would now be discussed and that Brenda would now be disputed, and that Brenda had secured an ally. Still, Brenda and Gerald soon tell into a dispute concerning this very question of their confederacy. "You are doing nothing to take my brother from the clutches of that horrid woman," she at length said. "It is so disappointing. I thought you would use your influence?" "What more can I do that I've already

done?" queried Gerald. "Louis is infatu-ated. It you attempt to speak the truth about Mrs. Leveridge he receives your words almost in the sense of personal insult."

Brenda tossed her head. "You should disfilusion him!" she exclaimed. "Yes, you should! If you were not indolent out the matter you would!" Berald bit his lip. "Do you want me to Gerald bit his lip.

make myself absurd both in your brother's eyes and my own?" he said.

Brenda gave a bitter little smile. "I want you to show that you have some human compassion!" she answered. "Oh, not for myself-indeed, no! For him, whom you ce told me that you truly loved!"

It was on the verge of Gerald's tongue to say, "not half so much as I love you," but one of the moods that visit lovers prevented this sentiment from being uttered. "I suppose Louis is at least moderately sane," he said, however, and then followed some words on both sides which were hostile if not posi-tively anery. Brenda reproached herself after Gerald had gone away, and saw re-pentantly her own rashness. But Gerald, stung to the quick by her unjust treatment of him, and feeling exasperated by the adverse spirit in which Louis had received his counsels, took passage not long after-ward for Europe and remained there almost

a whole year.

During this time Mrs. Leveridge became the wife of Louis Bond. Brenda suffered the keenest pain at being obliged to welcome beneath her own and her brother's roof a woman for whom she bad only doubt, suspicion and contempt. Her deep affection for Louis alone deterred her from leaving him and going to live in the companionship of a relative. Poor high-spirited Brenda suffered untold pangs as months glided along. The "trance states" of her new sister-in-law had struck her, from the first, as rank humbug. Louis still believed in them, and would sometimes openly declare his allegiance to their potency. In New York it was unpleasant enough for Brenda to occupy the same house with her brother's wife, but at Shadyshore it was ten times worse. The girl strove to curb her temper and succeeded. Mrs. Bond had seemingly no temper to curb, but she dealt in little touches of sarcasm and impertinence which taxed keenly Brenda's powers of endurance. Louis so passionately loved his wife that any complaint on the part of his sister would have been equally unwise and use-less. Brenda comprehended this, and

passed a summer of silent martyrdom. During the next winter affairs grew worse. leaders of society, but rarely accepted an invitation. Louis would go nowhere without his wife, and Mrs. Bond in spite of having wedded a man whose name posses-

recognition among the reigning cliques. Regarded as an adventuress before her mar-rings, she was avoided subsequently. "It is not my iault," mused Brenda; "I would do anything to have the wife of Louis received. But that she should vent her spleen upon me, because of not being

received, is certainly hard to bear."

Mrs. Bond did thus vent her spleen. She behaved to Brenda as if filled with a latent hatred of her. No matter whom Brenda visited, her sister-in-law had some sneer to direct at the host or hostess. American soci-ety, she avowed, was ill bred and tedious. direct at the host or hostess. American society, she arowed, was ill bred and tedious. Brenda could never get her to say just what English people she had known during her long alleged residence in London, or precisely what had been her origin and antecedents previous to her first marriage. As for Louis, he seemed immensely satisfied with something that she had told him regarding her past life, and to desire no weightier diversion than to watch her mobile dimpled face while she talked amply though vaguely of transatiantic remninscences. In the following spring Louis showed symptoms of illness. Brenda became deeply worried, and even if she had not thought of the ansent Gerald, her longings for his presence would now have wakened. Just before the time came when Shadyshore was preferred to the heat of a New York June, Gerald suddenly appeared at the Bonds' Madison avenue residence. He came at about 8 o'clock one evening, and as Brenda shook hands with him it seemed to her as if she might swoon from sheer surprise and joy.

"Do—do you know of Louis' marriage?" she stammered. "I—I suppose, though, that of course you have heard."

"Oh, yes," said Gerald. And then to Brenda's great relief both Louis and her sister-in-law came into the room.

Mrs. Bond was in one of her most amiable moods that evening. "It gives me so much pleasure, Mr. Ravelow," she said, "to welcome you home again. Dear Louis, as you see, is not very well, but we hope that Shadyshore will soon prove for him just the change he needs."

Gerald scanned her lithe figure, and let his vers gwell archem to one the nor the process."

eyes dwell perhaps too intently for courtesy on her clean-cut, symmetrical face. "I hope so, with all my heart," he said. "Louis, however, might be benefited by a still

greater change."
"Oh," laughed Louis, with that effort which "I suppose you mean Europe, Gerald. But no; I suppose you mean Europe, Gerald. But no; I'm a better American than you are—at least for the present. I mean to try what Shady-shore will do. If it fails, we may try more heroic meanres."

shore will do. If it fails, we may try more heroic measures."

"There will be no need of them, Louis," said Mrs. Bond, addressing her husband with a certain tartness of tone. "I am sure you will mend as soon as you begin to breathe the fresh country air." She turned toward Gerald, now, with her sweet radiant smile. "Shall you be our neighbor this summer?" she asked.

Gerald's eyes wandered toward Brenda. "It depends," he said, vaguety. Mrs. Bond gave a light, rippling laugh. "On what, pray?" she asked. "You look at Brenda while you reply in that unsatisfactory way. Is she at all concerned with your future plans?"

Gerald said nothing, while Brenda slowly crimsoned. A little later Louis was seized with what he called one of his tired feelings, and begged Gerald to excuse him. His wife accompanied him out of the room. Gerald was not sorry to be left alone with Brenda.

"Your brother looks quite ill," he said.

"Do you think so?" she answered. Her eyes filled with tears the next instant. "Oh, Gerald, I am dreadfully worried about him?" she went oh.

"You don't like the woman he has married."

rent on.
"You don't like the woman he has married,"

said Gerald.
"No-I don't," and then a sign of her old haughtiness revealed itself. "You know very well that I don't," she proceeded. "You ought I ought to know!" repeated Gerald, with a "I ought to know!" repeated Gerald, with a little upward motion of one hand.

"Yes, why not? You might have prevented the marriage, too, if you had chosen!" Gerald rose. "Ah, Brenda," he said, "you are at your unkind tricks again!"

Brenda bit her lip. "You've never given me credit for having decent manners," came her piqued words. "You're always fancying I'm the same little hoyden who used to gambol about with you at Shadyshore."

"Oh, no," said Gerald. "You were natural then."

Brenda's blue eyes nasoed.

ural," she said. "Do you mean that you think
me a hypocriter"

And then came one of their old hot little
quarrels. Gerald said things which he regretted, and Brenda said things which kept her
remorsefully and tearfully awake all that night.

After he had departed from Madison avenue
Gerald told himself that he would join with
the physicians in forcing his mother to spend
the entire summer at the White Sulphur

Mrs. Ravelow, whose digestion was in bod straits, would have given a finger to spend the summer with her son in Westchester county, notwithstanding headaches and like bodily ills. The idea of having Gerald marry Brenda was a dear one, and his trip to Europe had been taken at the very bayonet point of her maternal disrelish. But now that Gerald leagued himself with medical counsel there was no use in fighting his decision.

CHAPTER III. Brenda feit very lonely and guilty after leaving town with Louis and his wife. A certain ing town with Louis and his wife. A certain dim suspicion had crept into her mind, and although there were times when she told herself that she hideously wronged her sister-in-law, it still occurred that special memepts of anxiety and alarm would work their darker spells. Louis brightened a little at first and then grew

Louis brightened a little at first and then grew more languid and nerveless. Once she said to him: "Why don't you have a talk with Dr. Southgate, Louis? He is only a country doc-tor, it's true, but he knows your constitution well, having attended you from childhood." "I can't see why you should want to dose Louis with any more medicine," said Mrs. Bond, a hard note creeping into her voice. "It strikes me that he is getting along exceedingly well."

strikes me that he is getting atom extensive well."

Louis fixed his dark eyes on the speaker.
"I'm not getting along half as well as I should like, Natalie," he returned. "But as for more medicine, it seems to me you're quite right. I always feel worse, somehow, after taking that decoction you prepare for me."

Brenda believed that she saw a slight flush steal into Natalie's cheek as her husband thus replied. But an instant afterward the young wife said in her gentlest and most solicitous way:

steal into Natane's cheek as he hashat that replied. But an instant afterward the young wife said in her gentlest and most solicitous way:

"Ah, Louis, that can only be imagination, my dear. The medicine has already strengthened you wonderfully, I think."

"Oh, well, I suppose you know best," said Louis, with a gaze that was in itself a caress.

"How he loves her." thought Brenda, "and how devoutly he trusts her! Can it be possible that both his love and his trustare misplaced?"

Not long afterward, on a lovely starlight evening, Brenda chanced to be taking a little stroll about the lawn. She had walked in the direction of the shore, where stood a summer house in which she would now and then seat herself and watch the dim stretch of waters beyond. This evening it was rather chilly down by the rocks, and she passed inland among a great grove of fir trees that rose near one of the roadside gates. On a sudden she heard the sound of a feminine voice emergent from a specially dense cluster of trees. At once she recognized the voice as that of her ister-in-law, and paused. listening in surprise.

"Never come like this again," Natalie was saying. "Your letter gave me a great shock. I should not have met you here, and you have been horribly imprudent in writing for me to meet you as you did write. The money you needed was one thing, Archibald; to insist on seeing me was another."

Then came the unmistakable sound of a man's voice; but already Natalie and her companion (whoever he was) had strolled beyond ear-shot, and all that Brenda could now hear was a swift succession of words, few of which conveyed to her more than a faint idea of their meaning.

The girl remained for a moment quivering with consternation. Then she hurried forward, and through an opening in the trees presently discerned two forms that moved side by side along a path leading straight to the outer opposite road.

A little while after this Brenda had resolved on taking one particular course. She made no

osite road.

A little while after this Brenda had resolved

A little while after this Brenda has resolved on taking one particular course. She made no further attempt to follow her sister-in-law. Returning to the house she entered the still, vacant, lamplit drawing room. For some time she sat there, with her eyes fixed on the floor and her face pale and determined. Then she rose and went to find her brother. He was upstairs in the library, lying on a great leathern stairs in the library, lying on a great leathern ounge and apparently sleeping. But he gave a quick nervous start as Brenda approached itm and lifted himself into a half-sitting

him and lifted himself into a half-sitting posture.

"Oh, it's you, Brenda," he said. "I thought you were Natalle. Where is she? Have you seen her lately?"

"Not very long ago," answered Brenda. She was standing close beside her brother now. She put out her hand and let it rest on his shoulder. "Louis," she said, "I sometimes think you no longer care for me the least in the world."

He shook his head, with a cold compression of the lips. "Ah, Brenda," he murmured, "you are to blame for whatever change may have come between us."

are to blame for whatever change may have come between us."

"I. Louis! No, no; you are quite wrong."

"I'm wholly right," he contradicted. "How do you treat my wife?" he went on, with mournful reproach. "She is worthy of your love and devotion, but you give her only neglect and rudeness."

Brenda feit her face flush. "Oh, Louis," she exclaimed, "if you would only realize that what you call neglect and rudeness is the sternest self-discipline!"

He flung her hand from his shoulder, and met with a scowl her pleading eyes. "Brenda." met with a scowl her pleading eyes. "Brenda." he said, "how dare you? What right have you to assume, as you do, that my wife is beneath

your respectful treatment?"

The girl's lips moved, but she said nothing. Had she not perhaps already said far too much for her brother's health and mental peace?
"Brendat" again cried Louis, and his eyes fashed with anger, "you can no longer live in this house!" There seemed to have been something about his sister's recent silence that had acted upon him more stingingly than her speech. "No; Shadyshore is mine, and I shall be master here. You have your own fortune. Spend it as you please, and where you please. I've borne with your scandalous actions long enough. I give you just one week in which to make your preparations; after that, go you must?"

Brenda had grown very pale by the time that Louis had ended. Horror at the thought of leaving her brother with Natalie now made her desperate.

leaving her prother with Natare now made her desperate.

"You tell me that I wrong your wife, Lonis," she said, in choked tones. "But ah, how does she wrong you? With whom is she walking the lawns now, at this very moment? Who is the man she calls 'Archibald,' and what right has he to be here as her clandestine associate? Let me tell you the words that I have just heard her speak to this man—" and then Brenda gave those words, with unerring literalness.

"I-I can't believe this," faltered Lonis, when she had finished. He looked steadily into his sixer's face for an instant. "And yet, Brenda, I have always known you to be so truthful."
"I swear to you." said Brenda, "that I have told you nothing but the absolute truth."
"I swear to you." said Brenda, "that I have told you nothing but the absolute truth."
He caught her hand with his own thin and feverish one. Oh, forgive me?" came his response. "I have been unjust to you? Perhaps your fears, your doubts, were, after all—but not no?" he suddenly broke off, and then for a moment he covered his face like a man in great agony. "Ah, my God!" he soon pursued, "if it were possible that she is faithless to me! But Brenda—not a syllable to her? Promise me this! It may be that she is altogether innocent. And yet she has told me so much—everything, in fact—about her past, and I have never even heard her mention the name of 'Archibald'—yee, I am certain of it—and pray, Frenda keep silent. Say nothing whatever, leaving all to me. and—and forgiving me, I hope, as I—I do not deserve to be forgiven!"
For answer Brenda impetuously threw both arms around her brother's neck. "Oh, Louis," she cried, "Heaven knows that I've hated te tell you these things! I have no wish to quarrel with your wife. I should so have loved her, Louis, if only—but never mind. You have my promise. And yet, if Natalie should attack me, I can't be sure just how calmly I shall receive her."

But Natalie made no attack. Whatever soon passed between herself and Louis was spoken behind closed doors.

"She will tell him some falsehood, no doubt," mused Brenda, "and he will believe it and turn once more against me." For two or three days poor Brenda walted some such development, but none came. Louis failed to rive her the slightest confidence on the subject of his wife's a vowals, though an interview of this kind was eagerly and longingly expected. Louis' appearance and deportment were meanwhile dejection itself. He showed no longer a sign of fondness toward Natal

side.

She perceived the next instant that he was more ill than she had ever seen him. Across Brenda's shoulder he looked at his wife.

"Natalie," he said, in a voice that was husky and yet contained a ring of command, "I wish to speak a few words with my sister. You yourself can go and tell theu that the bell which I heard Brenda ring need not be answered. Do you understand me? I hope that you do."

Those last two brief sentences had not a sign of menace, and yet there was something in their low emphasis that made the color slip from Natalie's cheeks.

"Dear Louis," she broke forth, a moment afterward however, in tender, persuasive tones, "you had best not talk with anyone this evening. To-morrow—"

"Do as I desire you," Louis interrupted. His voice was not much above a whisper, but Brenda recoiled from him as she heard it, so unlike his usual self did it seem, so compelling, so commandant and yet so terribly tranquil.

unlike his usual self did it seem, so compeling, so commandant and yet so terribly tranquil.

Natalie went to one of the doors and slowly opened it. She disappeared slowly, too, as if some magnetic force were insisting upon the exit.

Louis' hand trembled a little, now, in Brenda's hold. But soon it is a there quite still again. He presently spoke, but as if with intentional caution against a possible listener. Brenda, leaning forward so that his breath almost swept her cheek, was just able to hear each word as it fell from his pale and slightly twitching lips:

"My sister, I have wronged you very much. Yes, I see this now—now, when death has laid hold of me and there may be only a few hours left me to live. Brenda—don't start like that—it is nothing, this change we call death. But to die as I am dying is an exquisite comfort. I would not live on, Brenda, for an empire. My part in life is done, utterly done. I have loved that woman, Natalie Levecidge, with an immense passion, an immense constancy. What I forced her to tell me the other evening there is no need of my telling you. You are a mere girl; you could not avenge me. But all has grown clear to me, and I know beyond a doubt that someone else "ill."

"Someone else" Oh, Louis—"

He gave a brief, coid laugh. "Oh, I'm a good deal more ignorant than I should like to be," he answered. And then, feeling that to stay and talk with her like this might be to place within her power some hint of a certain secret it was both his duty and his desire jealously to guard for the present, he slightly lifted his hat, murmured "Good evening," and passed at a rapid pace down the piazza steps.

"To-morrow will be time enough for action," he thought, as he hurried across the twilight lawns. A dread which he could not dismiss, however, assailed him with regard to Brenda. Was it safe for her to pass abother night at Shadyshore with the hatred of Natalie vigilant and ascertive? But soon Gerald smiled at his his own fears. Whatever evil this widow of Louis Bond's might already have done, it was sure that she would put no future obstacle between herself and the possession of a noble fortune. Policy would be the potent motive to keep her from all immediate mischief.

For the first time in his life Gerald felt beset by a sense of "nerves." He would almost rather have lost a hand than violate his oath to the dead, but this oath had of late entered his memory with an altogether novel series of thrills.

By ll o'clock that evening he found himself

opened at She disappeared abody, too, as if call the continuity of the collision in the call the collision is the collision of the collision o

semblaces to Recold, regar spet printings. He will be a semblaced and se

THE NEW PLATONICS: A New York Woman's Views on the

Present Social Situation.

MARRIAGE BECOMING UNPOPULAR. The Higher Opportunities Offered by

Life of Celibacy. TRUE FRIENDSHIP IS FAR SUPERIOR

TRUE FRIENDSHIP IS FAR SUPERIOR

[WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.]

The cottage overlooking the water at Narragansett justified its name of Witheden or some such pretty composite. It was the fashionable two shades of dark red outside, with a deep porch, half octagon at the corner, making an outside summer room, hunging and unside summer room, hunging and subject to the ansterity does its practice," said the lady, "and in place of urging foolish boys and girls, men and women indiscriminately into marriage, to fepent forever, it will see the loft, which are the summer for the said price of the marriage, to fepent forever, it will see the loft, which are the summer for the summer for the said price, wester nature of reflect eclibacy. Not the austerity of the man who never pleased with her, or the woman who never pleased with her, or the woman who never glances beyond the rim give the marry her, and the roses and Virginia creeper, banked with the world was an impossibility, but those who know it best know that sweeter, purer things are possible, and actually existing than common hunging the handsomest woman of all, sat apart and talked either the most daring sense or artistic nonsense. Her age was unguessable. In her white wool batiste with the wild white roses of Narragansett at her throat, she looked in her teens, yet a tall girl at the piano, listening to an admirer, called the most conventing to be grateful for and to encourage. It means holded white roses of Narragansett at her throat, she looked in her teens, yet a tall girl at the piano, listening to an admirer, called the most convention of men and the handsomest woman of all, sat apart and talked either the most daring sense or artistic nonsense. Her age was unguessable. In her white wool batiste with the wild white roses of Narragansett at her throat, she looked in her teens, yet a tall girl at the piano

in affairs, a thorough housekeeper, gifted in society, artistic to her finger tips, fhere remained a dominant idealism of thought and feeling to enrich her life and others.

Some one had spoken lightly of Mona Caird's "Is Marriage a Failure?" which set

both worlds talking a year or less ago, and the New York woman took up the word. ANOTHER QUESTION. "Whether marriage is a failure is not the consideration for the times. The question is related to others we so often hear, why young men do not marry, and is the want of marriage the fault of men or women. All the gibing at the extravagance of one side the gibing at the extravagance of one side or the other, the sarcasm at match-making mammas and angling girls spring out of the great mistake under which the world labors, that matrimony is any longer a necessity for the better part of society. Please understand from the beginning that I ignore and repudiate all license, or, if it must be, we will consider all relations of the sexes as a sort of matrimony, licit or illicit, the latter being more stupid and burdensome than the former.

"People forget that the world moves socially as well as round the heavens, and that there is a moral procession of equi-

cially as well as round the heavens, and that there is a moral procession of equinoxes, gradually shifting and developing the relations of things. To my mind it is a great. convenient, natural working of law that there should be a falling off in the sentiment of marriage among educated persons, and that the more thoughtful and gifted feel no leaning toward its boudage and its obligations. Marriage has served its purpose in populating the earth, and its best acres are crowded now.

"I repeat, it has served its time—the crowding of the population is such as to shorten the individual life and rob it of the finest pleasures. It is well that the sentiment falls into disuse, and with the higher portion of humanity first. The intellect and emotions of the race expand and dominate its propensities, just as they have overcome the money-making sentiment or the thirst for self will and greed of power. Men don't care about marriage, because don't care about marriage, because

is such a thing as sitting on the arm of a man's chair with your arms around his neck. Because you are cool-blooded shall there be no more cakes and ices?"

"The time comes when one has no fancy for cakes and ices or a diet of sweets, and some people keep their taste for confectionery by tasting it d screetly. You may laugh, but the world is wiser in practice than the divines. The sweetest poetry ever made was written by ideal lovers, the great things in art and science reached by men who were content with affection rather than passion, and men were never more heroic than in the days of chivalry when a look and a glove were the sole reward of the most unselfish bravery."

"But how much there might be in that look," said he of the cigar more softly. "Enough worth living and dying for," and he musing, strolled away.

A CHANGE COMING.

A CHANGE COMING.

WITHOUT HARM OR CAVIL in the heart of the most conventional society in the world. I know one professional woman of the highest repute, a physician of high fam-ily and character, rapt in her calling yet of too refined, poetic a nature to live without warm and subtile affections. One presaic-looking business man, a publisher, loves this rare business man, a publisher, loves this rare woman in a way that with most men would require a wedding ring and carrying her off from the profession where she is life to 100 patienta, being one of those thorough students who redeem the calling from the reproach of 50 half-trained practitioners. His house as he first entered it, came so near bankruptcy that it will be the work of years to pay its debts; and he has assumed the support of his dear partner's helpless family, widow and girls.

"Marriage is out of the question for him for a dozen years, if ever. She is too much in love with her work to really wish to leave it, while caring so much for this unselfish, sweetnatured man to quietiv by her influence throw many business chances in his favor. Do they find it necessary, like Margaret Harold and Winthorp in "East Angels," to dony themselves the sight of each other's faces, lest passion should overleap every consideration of henor and conscience? Evenings in her library which makes an exquisite boudoir in harmonious dim colors and scent of tearoses, prove the difference.

"The matronly relative with her embroidery and magazine coelly established near the open archway in the next room, is always part of the

"The matronly relative with her embroidery and magazine coelly established near the open archway in the next room, is always part of the picture. In that gracious, flower-filled air, the tired man is privileged to seek his friend, and there they two drop the faces of 40 years which the world knows, and are young, hopeful, sympathetic together. They each know too well by the insight which our social refinement gives, that they hold the best of life to peril it by unseemly shows of feeling, but all the refreshment in the COMMUNITY OF TASTES and depth of sympathies is theirs. Their plans,

and depth of sympathies is theirs. Their plans, their vacations are arranged together; they visit, they travel together in so guarded, yet so open, a mauner that malice itself can find nothing to carp at, and gossip is beaten down by the presence of blameless and discreet facts. Such friendships are known and memorable in society, notably Horace Greeley's regard for Alice Cary, which was the solace and support Such friendships are known and memorable in society, notably Horace Greeley's regard for Alice Cary, which was the solace and support of two generous spirits as long as gossipe kept their tongues off. No feelings finer or more honorable to human nature can be imagined than the sympathy which drow the sorely harassed politician to the recluse poetess, or intercourse more free from reproach than that which soothed the world-worn man and brought the stimulus of ardent appreciation to a woman's shut-up life. When in sensitive deference to the opinion of fools, who knew nothing of the facts, there was a widening apart of these friendly ways, the loss to each was immeasurable and never repaired.

The influence of that frail, dark woman kept the ardent man from extravagances unknown, and who can read in her blography of the popular poet weeping after her crowded reunions for the word of affectionate sympathy the crowd had not known how to say without the deepest sympathy for the warm, rugged nature which could respect entirely while it paid ardent homage to her gifts and soul. The world, as well as private lives is the poorer for the marring of such episodes by dread of petty gossip. The best thing in the life of Albert Victor, heir to the throne of England, will be the fascination which drew him to the beautiful, brilliant and high-minded Lady Churchill, a woman twice his age and three times his superior by nature. And it is the deepest credit to this princeling that such a fine-natured woman had power to drag him from London actresses and fact beauties to follow her to Brighton and the Continent, even at cost of setting shallow pages astir and mean tongues wagging.

"The face of Jennie Jerome under its diamond star is not one to dim its luster for the heir to 100 crowns, but rather to touch any man to finer issues of mind. It adds the last touch of warmt to one's regard for this American peeres who does her country so much honor abroad, that she was able, after dipping into the

POOL OF POLITICS,

to see its odiousness and retrieve her action. There are so many women whose blunt senses never realize the foulness of its odors, the unnever realize the foulness of its odora, the uncleanness of its tide, but linger and delight in raking its ooze for chance of spoil.

"Have I tired you with this long talk? It has been on my mind so long that people defraud themselves of the better part of life because, forsooth, they cannot have its lesser things. If I had a son, as things go in the unsettled state of social order, I would counsel him not to make marriage his hope of happiness, but seek some woman's favor and be her honorable friend and knight. For my daughter, if she were poor, or anything came in the way of the happiest marriage possible, I would choose the lifelong, chivalrous regard of some fine natured man of her own order, too poor or too fettered perhaps by family ties to marry, but not too selfish to be an ardent, careful friend. Do you call such attachments cold and slight? My friend, these cobweb cables of sentiment hold exceeding strong. As the mental and spiritual outweigh the corporeal, in the advancement of the race they will grow firmer, and take place as recognized ties of the human race."

firmer, and take place as level, many and take place as level, many area."

It was new doctrine in words, But this woman unfeignedly believed in what she said, and her opinions are not so strange to our inner consciousness as we affect to feel them. Anyhow, they are novel enough to relieve the common topics of a letter.

SHIRLEY DARE.

It is Very Easy to Spoll a Good Thing by Trying to Improve It.

Trying to improve it.

Washington Star.:

The history of the Oberammergau passion play shows how easy it is to spoil a good thing by trying to improve it. Thirty years ago the great world knew of the play only through occasional reports from artists and men of letters who had quit the beaten track of European travel and hunted their way to the quaint old village. The peasants who took part in it were so thoroughly in earnest that they seemed even to try to lead in their every-day occupations the lives of the characters represented by them on the stage, as a sort of proparation for the great event of each ten-year period. But the Franco-Prussian war of 1870 broke in upon the decennial rule, and in 1871 the person the continent when danger from the international duel was over, that t

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

The Grave is the Inevitable End and Still is Not the End.

ALL OPPORTUNITY WILL CEASE.

So Far as May be Judged by Any Knowledge That We Possess.

THE DEATH OF THE GREAT EXAMPLE

IWRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH. It is appointed unto men once to die. Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." Here are two quite different thoughts about death. Here is the great universal inevitable fact of death looked at from two points of view, from the two sides

of the grave. We must look at it from some point of view. We cannot help it, because this great inevitable fact forces itself upon our attention. We take up our daily paper and there is its faily list of the dead. We walk abroad and the mourners go about the street, often we are of their company. Year by year, as the seasons pass and the shadows gather, and one by one those we have loved go hence and are no more seen, this fact of the uncertainty of life and the approach of death impresses itself with increasing em-

phasis upon our minds.

The fact of death is being emphasized for somebody every day. But sometimes in the departure of some widely-familiar figure, in the putting of an asterisk beside some well-known name, in the silence of some strong voice to which many have been used to listen for help and inspiration, this fact is emphasized for a whole community. And sometimes when some great disaster comes, like the Johnstown flood, and sudden de-

struction falls on an unnumbered multitude, not only a community, but a whole nation,

even a WHOLE WORLD, IS REMINDED that there is such a fact as death. Some that there is such a fact as death. Some-times the air seems freighted with tragic rumors. On all hands are disastrous hap-penings. The newspapers come like the servants of Job, bearing sad news from all parts of the compass; and we remember the predictions of the final catastrophe, which will end the world. Wars and rumors of wars, the pestilence, the famine, the earth-quake, the sea and the waves roaring, and men's hearts failing them for fear. At men's hearts failing them for fear. At such times we have to think of death; we

such times we have to think of death; we cannot keep the thought away.

We are living just now in such a time. The year 1889 will go down in history marked with black, as a year touched by the fingers of death. We have to take up death from some point of view. But it makes a good deal of difference sometimes from which point of view a thing or a fact is looked at. Because few things are so sound that when we have seen one side we have seen all the sides. And few facts are so simple that one look suffices to their understanding.

standing.

More often it is the second look, from second point of view, which gives the first look its meaning. The second look inter-prets and translates the first. Sometimes the second look quite reverses the impression taken of the first. We cannot be said to know much about any thing or fact which we have looked at from only one point of view. It is appointed unto men once to die. That is one view of death. That is the great fact of death as we look at it from this side of the grave. The words express the inevit-ableness of death. Death is of all things in this world the most certain and the most unfixed. The most certain in the fact of its coming; the most uncertain in the time of its coming. It is appointed unto men; yes, but when? Why, "once." That is all we

know about it. THE LOT OF ALL. Did you ever think, in the midst of a

Did you ever think, in the midst of a great crowd, how every member of that multitude must one day be the center of a company of awed watchers and must die? And don't you know that at every funeral the thought of everybody's heart as we sit silently in the still room is the same, "I must die." You have in your heart, "I will lie some day where now my friend lies and the life be gone out of me."

Very likely you have read Tolstoi's story of "Ivan Hyitch." Ivan Hyitch was a Russian official of high station who got a hurt in his side one day. There was a twinge of pain for a moment, but it passed away. hurt in his side one day. There was a twinge of pain for a moment, but it passed away. It passed away, but the next day it came back again, and the next day after that, coming and going, getting harder and harder to bear, and at last coming and staying. The dostor made his visit, counting the minutes of his stay, impatient to get to his next patient. Friends came in, full of various interests. Ivan's wife and daughters were about him, finding the sick room a little wearf-some, going out on errands of duty and pleasure, and coming back with bright faces, saddening somewhat as they came into the sick room.

dening somewhat as they came into the sick room.

The world outside his windows went on as usual. But Ivan had but a single thought. He thought of death. And day by day the grim figure of death, which all his life had lingered in the dim background of his thought, came slowly forward step by step, till at last it filled the whole horizon of his vision. So he died, it is a picture of the life of nearly all of us. Nearer and nearer comes that silent spirit; closer and closer draws the inevitable change. And death is the end. We stand before it looking at it out of our unassisted eyes, and it is the black wall which marks the end. The pleasure of the world for which people are busy making plans, will all end.

WHAT WILL END.

WHAT WILL END. The work of the world, which leaves some so little time to consider anything which is not bounded by a counter or written in a cashbook, which makes the subject of so many excuses for the neglect of the duties of religion, will end there. The pain of the world, thank God, which makes some people long for the coming of death, the pain of the world will end when that spirit enters into light and summons the soul away. There is no more pain, no more sorrow, nor crying for those who have loved God and served Him. That is all ended.

Opportunity ends then. The soul that has gone on continually saying: "To-morrow Tomorrow I will be kinder and more loving and gentle. To-morrow I will select the self-repreachful word which I ought to speak and begin to make my home more happy. To-morrow I will repent and amend my life; I will be done of this evil habit; I will enroll myself upon the side of the disciples of the Master." And so comes upon a day which knows no morrow.

Death, so far as we know, so far even as reve-The work of the world, which leaves some so

And so comes upon a day which knows no morrow.

Death, so far as we know, so far even as revelation has taught us, is the absolute end of opportunity. Some think not, we must all hope not, but this, so far as God's disposition of man's destiny is understood, is true, that death sets a last amen to opportunity. The hour strikes, the work ends; is done whether well or ill; the book is closed and handed up for God to see. Death seals the story of our life. We stand before the black wall. It is the end so far as we can see. We ask of Knowledge, "Is it the end?" and Knowledge answers, "I know not."

far beyond the grave. On has gone the world, century by century, millenium by millenium, out of nothing, upward step by step till all has reached its climax in the spiritual nature of man. What is it all for? If man dies as beasts die it is all for nothing. "From the first dawning of life," declares the leading teacher in this country, of the theory of evolution, "from the first dawning of life we see all things working together toward one mighty goal—the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterise humanity. Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral? A bubble which bursts—a vision which fades? Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child who builds houses out of blocks

JUST FOR THE PLEASURE

of knocking them down? The questions are capable of but one reasonable answer: Death is not the end; man's soul must live. But we want stronger assurance than either love or reason gives us. Love and Reason after all are only standing in the shadow of the black barrier and guessing what is on the other side. There must be life beyond the grave: cries Love, "I hope i;" there must be life beyond the grave: cries Reason, "I think it." But we want more than that, and we have more than that. For as the one longing of all men has been realized; the one voice heard to which all men have desired to listen. "If only somebody could come from the other side of the black wall and tell us."

Out of the other world He came, the Divine Teacher. He came, bringing life and immortality to light, opening heaven as wide as man may endure to have it opened, assuring as that Love and Reason are quite right about it that there is life beyond the grave, and that the black harrier is not a wall, but a door. Beyond is our Father's house, and many mansions in it, and a place made ready there for every child of man, and Christ Himself the door and the way.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither 185

of man, and Christ Himself the door and the way.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." And, as if teaching were not sufficiently assuring and we needed more than His teiling us so to make us certain that death is but the door of life. He died as we must die. "See," He said, "I will die just as you must die. I will go before and show you every step of the way." So He did, and came back again, "There it is, as I told you; death is the end, and not the end. Death is but a door out of this life into another."

Christ did not solve all the mystery of death. I suppose we could not have understood the

Christ did not solve all the mystery of death. I suppose we could not have understood the words of the solution. When death comes, many things now dark to us will be made plain. In the words of Christ which we have recorded, some things are unintelligible to us, just as the writing on the cylinder of a phonograph would be unintelligible hamong a people who had no phonograph. When death comest will be like the putting of such a cylinder into an instrument and hearing the black lines speak. Christ did tell us that death is related to sin; that it is a part of the disorder introduced into the world by man's disobedience. Christ did tell us that death is the enemy of God. Speaking through His apostie, St. Paul, He assures us that the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. And so God does not will death. If the word "will" means the desire of God, death is never the will of God for any human being. The

eside the grave of Lazarus were a revelation of the sympathizing heart of God. But Christ did tell us that God our Father is a God of infinite wisdom, who knows best. When death seems especially dark or mysterious we rest upon that truth, God knows best and does best,

upon that truth, God knows best and does best, always. He knows why. When even the innocent transgress the great laws of His universe He doesn't stop the workings of the law, but lets the punishment come. He knows why—the God of infinite wisdom. Christ did not solve the whole mystery of death, but He told us that which above all we desire to know about it, that death is not the end, but the beginning. On goes the soul out of this life into the next.

And the next life. Christ said, depends upon this absolutely, just as to-morrow depends upon to-day. In the face of this great fact of the uncertainty of human life, let us live arepared for the ending of life; let us so live that that the joy of the other world, which they alone can appreciate who have lived here following the will of God, may be possible to us. Then shall we know what old St. Ambrose meant, who wrote a book on "The Advantage of Death." Then shall we know what he meant who said, "Death is the vell which we who live call life; we sleep and it is lifted." What if some morning when the stars were

What if some morning when the stars were pailing.

And the dawn whitened and the cast was clear.

Strange rest and peace teil on me from the presence of a benignant spirit standing near.

And I should tell him as he stood beside me, "This is our Earth—most friendly Earth and fair. Dally its sea and shore through sun and shadow Faithful it turns robed in its acure air.

There is blest living here loving and serving And guest of truth and servene friendship dear—But stay not. Spirit! Earth has one destroyer—His name is Death: fee lest he did thee here!"

And what if then while the still morning brightend.

ened,
And freshened in the elms the summer's breath
Should gravely smile on me the centle angel
And take my hand and say, "My name is Death," GRORGE HODGES

THE RATTLER'S CHIRP. The Lair of the Ruttlesnake at Lake Hopatcong - The Cheerful Note of Warning-Appleinck a Sure

[CORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH.] * LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J., July 13 .-Steve Decker knows Hopateong from its lowest point to the Morris canal lock that marks the upper end. Nobody has such a knowledge of these splendid waters, whose beauty is just beginning to get national fame. Nobody can tell such yarns about the lake, because nobody but Steve has ever had such a variegated experience. Decker is a hunter. He belongs to the brand of hunters that James Fennimore Cooper popularized. He looks as if he had stepped out of one of the that James Fennimore Cooper popularized. He looks as if he had stepped out of one of the "Leather Stocking" tales. He claims to have been represented, through an ancestor, in some of Cooper's novels. One thing is sure. If half the stories of hunting that Steve tells are true, there is a good chance for some ambitious fiction producer to make himself immortal. "The Nimrod of Hopatcong" would sell mighty well. Steve finds his occupation rather curtailed this year, owing to the arrival of three Cape Vincent guides, who cover pretty much the same ground Steve has covered since he got away with his last bear a few years ago and settled down to such common and inactive game as possums and catamounts. The Cape Vincent importation pilot the visitor around the lake and take him on the walks that are outlined in the literature about Hopatcong. Steve used to have a monopoly of this business, but he doesn't this season. He has a monopoly on hunting stories, however. The Cape Vincent pilots lay right down when Decker spins a yarr.

If you want to hear Steve's stories and at the same time reality see the wild spots back of the lake and up in the Schooley rauge of mountains, spend a day and a few dollars with Decker as your guide. Beginning with rattlesnake fairs, you are gradually piloted to holes in the ground and fissures in the rocks where bears used to dwell and where the captivatin' catamount still ingers. For lair and hole and fissure Steve has a separate story. There really are rattlesnake doesn't hunt you this season; you have to hunt the rattle. It seems they used to pounce on you from the tops of huckleberry bushes and then charm you until they could chirp three times. A well-regulated rattle-snake, you know, never bites until he has chirped three times. There are intervals between the chirps about the length of the intervals on a District Messenger call box when you don't want to get a policeman or the fire departments, instead of a call. He is the wise man that never waits for more than one chirp. A rash mortal w

with eight rattles, you are lucky. And if you succeed in killing one of the "varmints." as they are known in the Hopatcong vernacular, before it gets in its triple chirp, you are luckier still. A purse made of rattle skins is a novelty and ought to fetch a big price somewhere.

From Life.1 Rev. Dr. Thirdly-Is not your bill rather high, Dr. Diagnose?
Dr. Diagnose—Yes; but I have scriptural authority for making it high, and you, as a clergy-man, should not object.

"Ah. I am not aware of such authority."
If will recall the passage to you. It reads: "Physician, heel thyself."

Well Equipped. From Life.

Pater—Well, my son, you are graduated, and are now prepared to go West and fight the Indians. Do you think you have the necessary qualifications?

West Pointer—Well, I should think so. I am the champion long-distance runner of our class.